Goodness and Grace, they would forget themselves in His enchanting Presence. That was verily their Heaven where there was no more separation and estrangement from the Divine Mother, no more disunion and duality, no more sin and impurity, no more misunderstanding and misery. With Him, a prison would be a rose garden and hell itself would be heaven. Without Him, roses and lilies would be flames of fire.

The Rishis rejoiced every moment in His *bhajan,* in the ecstasy of the praise and the glorification of Him, their Lord, not in the mechanical fashion of striking the cymbal and raising the voice but in the pure spiritual mode of stringing the instrument of their hearts and sounding the conch of their souls. Their hearts throbbed and leapt in communion and their souls swelled and danced with the rapture of Divine companionship every moment.

The Rishis revelled in His enjoyment with their *ashtanga namaskwams,* the obeisance of all their faculties, the adoration of all their powers, the devotion of their whole existence—not the servile submission from fear, not the prudent and calculating praise for profit, not even the grateful acknowledg-

ment and avowal of indebtedness and obligation but truly
and purely the devout prostration of reverence and love.
So, with all the faculties and all the powers incessantly
growing and expressing themselves in and through them,
they adored Him. With all their intutions and endeavours,
with the history of the ages, with the minstrels' chants and
the artists' ' witcheries,[7] they adored Him.
With their eyes,
they adored Him ; with their ears they adored Him; with
the messages that the eye receives, they adored Him ; with
the blessings, that the eye realises they adored Him ; with the
truth that the eye perceives, they adored Him; with the
bounty that the eye enjoys, they adored Him ; with the
radiance that the eye loves to dwell upon, they adored Him.
With every sweet and charming word of sympathy, with